TO STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PA

#### A Perfect Cross.

thrary of the Dale home, near a west you?" coding by the fast fading light of an arly March afternoon. Sometow site sked to sit on the floor, and always sho hed to rend; for one thing, books ciped her to forget that the was of them. He put a father's arm lightly come.

There were footsteps belilmi her, oft footsteps been use of the thick volat entpet; then a low voice inqui

"Aren't you atraid you will lake your eyes, Elizabeth? Letter buys light, hadn't you, dearly The old co-

to fair uption will focus. He was a s

med slowly forward and für out full gently on her thick and stnut-brown hair.

o pale, and he seemed aroth-

"I wish," he said as thoug

"Tes; Bull Inte has done to the right, and drew his hat rim low ger finger began slowly to crook— Until this instant Elizabeth Little old— should be and looked for the little old— ford had been as one frozen, had been

"My course, I'll go with rough She thought she there where it was allo an saving head and with the last stirred him. By invulning sign to much find tasts of much dead whisky ented by Bill Date a consideration in his mouth. Remembered seeing Dust uttermess, and guest Service till and Moreland, with a bullet hole addition, Iffigurette third food man through and through blue, lying on the by had come into position and the floor beside him. Remembered his hower, his smothered cries of angulah, Notities of them have the John and his burried flight. . . . lordens was then visiting in their very life had wondered, he remembered.

The following day John K. Dale and Mountelneer's code of honor demands Tradeth Littleford nuglited trans a that the mountaineer himself collect withouth possenger trains at the time which is due him. laffwny switch. The nountging were "Tell me," he said in tones so low versel with three inches of grow, and to that Elizabeth barely heard, "where is e kemiock and pines bore heavy burs | David Moreland buried?" ons of the beautiful white stuff; but He had turned, and stood facing her. be air was still, and it wasn't cary She pointed to the southward.

"You'd get your ciothing all black the mountain a little ways, on the the coul train," their said to his bighest place, by the side of his topanion, "so you'd rather wall over, wife. That was always a touchin' calda't you? Anyway, the train bu't thing to me, that he buried his wife on re. I'm good for its ailles I tilled " the very highest point of his own "Yes," scalled Ren Littleford's mountain, You know why, don't you? nghtor, "I'd rather walk-it you're David Moreland believed in God and a we that six miles won't be two much betwafter, and he believed that heaven

Together, with the girl lending the wife's ashes as close to heaven as he by they set out across Itavid More- could." of's mountain. The old realf showed "I-Fd like to go out there," John ot one footprint ahead of them; it Dale said, his voice almost a whisper. os not so much used now. They said "I'd like to see the place."
The Each thought their own floughts, "I wouldn't," replied Ben Littlenot neither cared to speak them to ford's daughter. For she knew-oh,

Just before they reached the mouns "Yes, yes, my dear-I must see the min's crest, they passed a group of place," declared John K. Dale, hoursenow-laden pines that concepted a big, by whispering-"let's go out there." cown-baurded man who had been There was never any disobeying him calibly following the trait of a lone when he was determined, and he was lid turkley. He were khasishunting- determined now. It is strange, that clothes and high laced boots, and there drend human thing that drew him— was a certain English finence Cabout Edzabeth turned and started out im. In his bare hands he carried a the snowy crest of the mountain, wendspenting ride, which marked him as the ber way here and there between me born in the hills; a lowlander clumps of snow-heavy laurel and ty ould have had a choke-bored warran, and under snow-heavy pines. After a

When he saw John K. Dale he quarter of an hour of this somewhat dopped subletily. It might have been difficult traveling, the two drew up beintuition, or it might have been shore fore a small inclosure made of round curiosity, the average hillman being a uniten posts and round open railings stranger to neither-he followed and and hand-split and pointed oaken palwatched the two, unseen by them. | thus as high as a man's shoulders, all

On the plac-fringed erest, Elizabeth of which were gray and weatherbeat-Littleford linited to view that which can Edizabeth knew the spot well, She lay around and below him. Old Dalo swang the gate stiffly open on its woodstopped close at her side, and he, too, to bloges and stepped inside, Old Dale; tooked at that which lay around and transliling in every fiber, followed her. below them; and to his mind also there U.s (ace was very, very pale,

came memories crowding. The young woman brushed back a wayward wisp of brown hair and turned to the man beside her;

"The Moreland part of the settlement looks lonesome, don't 147" she from their cabin chimneys, . . . She | mer time were covered with beautiful said. "See, there's no smoke comin' went on absently, "But the Littlefords

low, royal purple, and waxen white. At are there yet." the head of one mound a great, rough-Old Dale caught the mental that was in the latter sentence. It was not

a shallow meaning. "We are going to take care of the and it was a crude but sincere tribute

Oh the face of the other great slab of brown sandstone were chiseled other Bl-shaped letters and misspelled words. The hands of John Moreland had done this. Old John Date stepped unsteadily closer and read: HEAR LAYS DAVID MORELAND

THE BEST MAN GOD EVVER MAID KILLED BY JOHN K CARLILE MAY GOD DAM HIS

It was a living curse, a breathing curse-a terrible anothema. If dead David Moreland himself had arisen Littlefords Elizabeth." he assured her. from the tomb and uttered it, it would "I've thought much over it, and just not have struck John K. Dale with now I've decided. When I decide, it's greater force. He grew weak, as On the floor of the richty-furnished for all time! you know that, don't though with a fatal sickness. He sunk to his knees in the snow, and his fronindow, Miss Elizabeth Littleford sat A great gladness filled Elizabeth's gray head fell forward to his breast. heart. It did not occur to her to ask Elizabeth Littleford knelt in the snow how, in what manner, he was going to beside him. She tried to find comforttake care of her people; it was enough | ing words, for she loved him and was to know that he was going to take care sorry for him, but no words would

around her shoulders. She tried to There was a slight sound, the mufspeak, cheked, and couldn't utter a fied breaking of a dry twig in the snow just beyond the palings in front of them. Elizabeth Littleford looked up to see the glant figure of John Moreland, whose face was white and whose eyes were filled with the fire of hate and anger, who held a ride in his cold, bare hands. The rifle's hammer came back, and the fine trigger caught it with a faint click.

Moreland took another step forward and leveled the weapon across the

Carlyle," he said, and his voice was give ye time. But it ain't no use at all. Look up. Face it. Try to be a man for one second in yere low-down life," Old Date raised his head, saw David

a little; then a look of relief flitted across his heavy countenance. "Shoot and even up the score," he said bravely, and his head was high. Dale was given the costest of the I'll be able to forget at last, at last. So

shoot and settle the account." Moreland winced perceptibly. The big, crooked finger came way from the hair-fine trigger. He had never expected to hear the man whom he knew as John K. Carlyle say that which he had | host and asked: "Where is my son?" just said. It had never entered his mind that John K. Surlyle could be

A Great Gladness Filled Elizabeth's Then the great and bitter desire for | bitnself: revenge rushed into his brain again, and his head went down, and his keen Then he took his arm away, faced to to the kneeling man's breast. His frig-• the right, and drew his hat rim low

Heart.

word. But it didn't mafter. John K.

"They buried him out the crest o'

Before them were two snow-covered

mounds bordered with the dead stalks

of flowers of another year-marigolds,

protty-by-nights, zinnins. Near the

two graves there grew bare-branched

wild boneysuckle and redbud, and

green-heaved laurel, which in the sum-

and fregrant blossoms of golden yel-

Dale understood perfectly.

of hills for the sale of come shorting. Why the law made no attempt to track

she knew.

John K. Date was silest for a re- cabin down near the foot of the north as a figure en seed in stone. Now she can after which he said suite in the mountain, and he failed to and to see my son; there is spirithen; find it. His mind had cone back once ment tell time. Will you in with no, there is that woeful night that had cut spirit and days, wait or fell tell. It is

ye, John Moreland, what I've get to tell points walding in the early morning Moreland stored, she went on;

"It wasn't Newton Wheatley 'at nut Alexander Crayfield Coal corp'ration- | Inc hongry, M-M-M-Miss Babe," which has been a-payin' you two prices | Suppor was amounted, and they all. And he's sorry, John Moreland, room blas down. He had not known that the this man is so sorry that he wants to

She caught her breath again and fo'get that. And you mustn't fo'get shouldn't know that he was even Bill Dule, his son. Put down that gun, thinking of her! John Moreland! Yore people is saved, God's sake!"

was up. He wanted to get even his steel-shod butt found a place in the night. snew beside John Moreland's foot,

> pent-up anguish of remorse that had was beauty and peacefulness. seared it through the years. The tor- "Ben," softly, "I've got to bother ve him with a strange light in his pierc | a hantern?" ing eyes.

the boy, let me keep on trying to eld friend?" atone for my sin?"

John Moreland Tooked long and It was the Moreland way, searchingly into the face of the plendfaded; his imge frame trembled; he caln't ye?" put a hand slowly down on the other's "Yes," said Littleford. "Babe told

"My boy, yes-my boy, Bill Dale. He went with Moreland to the little vein. Maybe he thought the price | When the work was finished David would be high if it were known that Moreland's brother arose from his he wanted it; I don't know, I-1 can't knees in the snow, put the hammer

Ben Littleford's daughter was spread open his cold, cramped fingers. lyshaped slab of brown sandstone watching closely, hoping against hope. "Ef David could know," he said marked the last resting place of David praying to heaven with all her heart; wearly, "I believe he'd be glad 'at Moretand's young wife; it had been and then she saw John K. Dale put I done it, Anyway, it makes me feel lettered by David Moreland himself, his right hand up to John Moreland's better."



"The Boy," He Muttered-"Bill Dale; In He Yore Boy? Yore Name Was

hand, take it and press it-and she naw John Moreland, his bearded. mouth Jerking, give the answering squeeze that meant something very ukin to forgiveness.

She ran out at the gate, ran up to around his neck; she drew his great | tracedinary. brown head down and hissed him on | Jess Posts is the originator and put his arms around her shoulders as | Stricken Boader," which has governoed shaking and hourse and choked, "I'd | though she were his own daughter, | fun in countless communities through howed his head and sobbed out a few words she did not understand,

Night had fallen when they reached Moreland's brother, and realized all Ben Littleford's cabin home. The girl there was to realize. His eyes widened | was welcomed with much joy; old Dule was received with placest affect soon going in the best room, and old "According to your code, it is just, And shee; skin-lined rockers. Ben Littleford, washed scrutonously clean of coal smut, sat near the guest of honor. John Moreland, who was so thoughtful that he seemed to hear and see nothing, sat close to Ben Littleford. Suddenly Date looked toward his

At that moment Dale the younger, in boots and corduroys, appeared in the outer doorway and answered for

Dale the elder arose, and their right eye looked along the sights and hands clasped warmly. Young Dale then shook hands with Elizabeth, who blushed in spite of hersalf as she To hide her confusion, Elizabeth

turned to the tall and lanky By Heck, on Mr. Pughta Chautauqua program "How are you, By?" she greeted

ye !" she cried tensely, lapsing into the ber hand awkwardly. "I never e't serious interpretations Moreland street, where the went on:

Moreland street, while bottlin test a couple of baked 'possining one of the most popular of the Lyceum and a peck or two of sweet 'inters fo' dinner, and Twe been as busy as the and Chautanqua entertainers of today up the money to start yore coal mine | dev-ns thunder a doin' nothin' ever a-goin'; it was this man here! And the sence. Doin' nothing shores does make

fo, yore coal-that was this man here! | went late a long lan-walled room that Mr. Hayes was his-his ally through it | served as both kitchen and dining

Bill Dale gat beside his father and die; and cain't ye see it, John More. | talked of nothing but coal veins-big and little coal veins, long and short, broad and narrow, deep and shallow, continued tearfully: "Oh, he don't blue and black cont veins, Babe Litdesarve to be killed, and of he did- | tleford, who wouldn't marry him, who you're too good a man to kill him. had come back to the hills to torture He's done paid-you don't know, like him with a beauty that he had never I do, how he's paid. You mustn't believed possibles in any woman,

He talked coal with his father until as David wanted 'em saved. Now bedtime, and he was wher in the ways d-d-don't go and s-s-spoll it all, for of the black dlamond when nine o'clock came. After Ben Littleford The blg mountaineer's eyes were had haltingly conducted family praywide with amazement, for Elizabeth ers-and in this he mentioned even Littleford's every word land borne the the Balls, Turners and Torreys-Bill ring of truth. He was too dazed to Dale hade them all good night and understand her allusion to Bill Dale | started for his office to sleep, rolled in as his old enemy's son. The rifle came a blanket on the floor. There was a back from across the palings, and its | lack of beds at Ben Littleford's that

A little later, John Moreland drew Slowly John K, Dale arose and old Ben out to the cabin yard. The drew close to him, and then from skies were clear, and the moon was John K. Dale's soul came pouring the shining brightly; everywhere there

rent of words flowed on, while the a minute, as late as it is, I wanted ye mountaineer stood rigidly regarding to find me a hammer and a chisel and

"I've got 'em all three right thar "I can't ask you to forgive me," | in the house," replied Littleford, "But Date finished brokenly. "I don't ex- what'n the name o' Torment and pect forgiveness; my crime was too | thunderation do ye want with a hamgreat. But can't you, for the sake of mer and a chisel and a lantern, John,

The answer came straightforwardly.

"I'm a-gein' up thar to whar pore ing man before him. The hitter David he's buried at, and cut off some struggle that was going on within him them letters often the stone, Ben. 1 was infriored on his rugged couns cain't steep ontel it's done. You can tenance. But gradually the bliferness | guess what part I'm a goin' to cut off,

me about what happened up thar "The boy," he muttered—"Bill Date: afore dark, And I'm pow'fut glad is he yore boy? Yore name was Car- ye're a goln' to do it, John, old friend,"

Carlyle is an old family name. My enclosure on the highest point of father was at the head of a big coal David Moreland's mountain. He held concern; he sent me down here in the lighted lantern while Moreland cognite to get a line on the Moreland worked. They were there for hours,

and the chisel into his pocket, and

Ben Littleford put a big hand on John Moreland's shoulder, "Yes," he agreed, "ef David cou'd

know about it, he'd be giad 'nt ye dorse it, John. The' hain't no doubt o' that. And who can say he don't know about

Elizabeth learned of it early on the following morning. When breakfast was over, she whispered to John K. Dale that there was something she had to show him. She wouldn't tell him anything in advance. So he went with her to mee for himself.

When at last they stood inside the weatherbeaten pulings, Etizabeth pointed and said:

"Look there, and thank dod!" Dale looked and saw. The color left his face, then came back, He shut his eyes, swayed a little on his feet, opened his eyes, tooked and saw again. He turned to the young woman with a great joy shining on his face. "I haven't been so glad," he told

her, "for twenty-five years." The chiseling away of the lower five line's bad not only obliterated the curse; it had left an almost perfect cross. Then John Moreland's bare, cold and tireless bands had gone to work and made it, in every respect, a perfect cross.

(Continued next week)

Fun Specialist Extraordinary at Redpath Chautauqua

the glant hillman and put her arms | Pugh, widely-known fun specialist ex-

the check, And John Moreland let widely-known interpreter of the me his rifle full unnoticed to the snow, rearises comedy sketch, "The Snul



JESS PUGH

this sesson, together with other rolliels

to get ALL the news about your home town-ALMA and the folks who live there-

Subscribe for The Alma Record





the greatest care. And charge the so prices that are fair

Our fairness in the matter of price appeals to Duds as much as anything else. We cleanse and purify your household linens and articles of personal wenr and send them back to you as fresh as a daisy. The bill that accompanles them seems quite reduend. That's the way our business is increased.

Look For Suds and Duds

ALMA CITY LAUNDRY

Phone 233

### PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

THOMAS J. CARNEY, M. D. General Practice and Surgery Office Hours 2 to 4 p. m.

DR. FRED J. GRAHAM PHYSICIAN AND

508 Woodworth Ave. Alma, Mich.

SURGEON Hours: 10:30 to 11:30 a .m.; 2 to 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone: Union

Dr. NELSON F. McCLINTON Practice Limited to Diseases of
Genito-Urinary System

9:30 to 12:39, 1:20 to 4:09; Evenings 7:00
to 8:30 Monday, Wednesday, Saturday
and by appointment.
Gell 3605

SAGINAW, MICH.

R. B. SMITH, M. D.

Practice Limited to Diseases of Eye, Ear None and Throat—GLASSES FITTED Union Phone 211 Pollasky Block.

CARNEY HOSPITAL Up-to-date-Prepared to care for all cases except contagious. Ap-

508 Woodworth Ave. ALMA, MICH.

Licensed Embalmer

Paul F. Crandell Day phone 5-Red Night phone 469

Funeral Director

Licensed Embalmer E. C. Crandell Day Phone 5-Red Night Phone 5-Green

Funeral Director

EDGAR M. WOOD ARCHITECT

ALMA, MICH.

FIRE INSURANCE

JOHN D. SPINNEY, Agent

Room 9, Pollanky Block-Union Phone 85

S. L. BENNETT FIRE INSURANCE

MARY M. DICKERSON, Clerk OPERA HOUSE BLOCK

Alma, Ithaca, St. Johns Bus PHONE 410 Loave Alma 6:10 a .m. 11:30 a .m. and TWO TRIPS SUNDAYS AT 

Stahl & Oswald General Contractors & Builders

Estimates given on all classes of ST. LOUIS-ALMA

RECORD WANT ADS COST LITTLE-RETURN BIG.

Dry Cleaning and Dyeing Expert Repairing, Pirat-class service Guaranteed at a reasonable price Alma City Dry Cleaners & Tailors

Corner Woodworth and Superior. Chas L. Edwards Local and Long Distance Trucking 932 E. Superior St., Alma, Mich.

61-4p

Seasonable Cut Flowers and Plants for All Purposes J. C. PARDEE, FIORIST Phone 840-Black

# Edward G. Sluyter, D.O.

Rectal Diseases

Painless Removal of PILES-FISSURES-ULCERS

Alma State Savings Bank Block

RAYSTORAGE BATTERIES

Are guaranteed two years unconditionally. The correct size for your car always in stock.

Shreeve & Buccanning Chevrolet Dealers-Alma, Mich. 230 West Superior St.

FOR FRUITS OF ALL KINDS ICE CREAM CANDY, CIGARS AND TOBACCO

SEE FORTINO BROS.

Wholesale Fruit Merchants 224 Superior Streeet.

The EUROPEAN CAFE

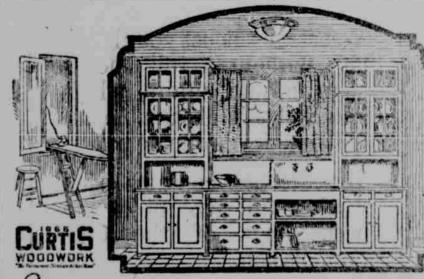
NICK BARDAVILL & CO.

117 EAST SUPERIOR STREET ALMA, MICHIGAN

## LEWIS HUDSON

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

Office-201 E. Superior St. Phone 131



Usn't this the KITCHEN you have wanted?

THE attractive kitchen dresser illustrated here suggests the beauty and utility of all Curtis Woodwork. Curtis Woodwork throughout will add much comfort and character to the home you build.

Should you be considering remodeling your home, you will find many time-saving and helpful suggestions in our catalog of Curtis Woodwork. Curtis entrances, porches, windows, stairways, bookcases, sideboards, kitchen dressers, buffets, chests of drawers, clothes closets and other permanent built-in furniture will give

your home that charm you most desire Come in and talk over your homebuilding problems with us. Through our co-operation with the manufacturers of Curtis Woodwork, we are able to obtain for homebuilders, without charge, portfolios of "Better Built Flomes," in four different types—Colonial, English, Western and Southern. We shall be glad to obtain a portfolio for your obtain a portfolio for you.

Whether you intend building in the immediate future or not,

you should begin now to get acquainted with Curtis Woodwork and Curtis Service, so that when you are ready to build, you will not be overlooking the many possibilities that are offered you to have a beautiful home.

Home Lumber & Fuel Company PHONE ONE-NINE